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THE FALL OF ADAM.—The following images are such as none but an imagination truly poetical could conceive. They are descriptive of the moral consequences of Adam's fall.

—————"Fell Disease arose
And blew o'er earth his pestilential breath;
A train of evils followed on his steps.
There came Misfortune, with his iron scythe,
Dropping with human blood; there Envy stalk'd
And fann'd the flames of hell—fell Fury there
Yell'd to the winds, and stamp'd the hollow ground:
There came wan Melancholy slowly on,
Telling the sorrows to the list'ning night;
Folded her arms upon her heaving bosom;
Her face directed to the dewy moon.
There came Remorse absorbed in gloomy thoughts.
There rush'd Despair—his dark eye rolled in blood;
He tore his mantle from his raging breast,
And plunged his dagger in his heart. There came
Poor Lunacy, in tattered robes, and waved
A straw, and told the kingdoms which he ruled.
Lastly came Death, clothed in his night of terrors,
And clasped his victim in his shiv'ring arms."

From the Religious Souvenir for 1834.

AUREÆ SENTENTIÆ.

1. GOD in every dispensation is at work for our good. In more prosperous circumstances he tries our contentment: in misfortunes, our submission.—*H. More.*

2. Faith takes God at his word, and depends upon him for the whole of salvation. God is good, and therefore he *will not*, he is true and faithful, therefore he *cannot*, deceive me: I believe he speaks as he means, and will do what he says.—*Ryland.*

3. God! what more glorious? *Flesh!* what more base? Than GOD in *flesh!* what more marvellous?—

"Elle etoit de ce monde ou les plus belles choses
"Ont le pire destin;

Augustine.

4. The Christian's life is *in Christ*, *on Christ*, *by Christ*, *to Christ*, *for* Christ, *with* Christ.—*P. Henry.*

5. He that enquires what is the just value and worth of CHRIST, asks a question which puts all the men on earth, and the angels in heaven, to an everlasting nonplus.—*Flavel.*

6. Many things in the course of human life, are grievous for want of rightly pondering this truth: that if we needed them not, we should hardly meet with them; and if we do need them, we ought not to wish exemption from them.—*Dillwyn.*

7. A man must be deplorably insensible or blind to the depravity of his own heart, who sees not the necessity of supernatural aid to correct its disorders.—*Ibid.*

8. Glory follows afflictions, not as the day follows night, but as the spring follows winter. Winter prepares the earth for spring, and afflictions, sanctified, prepare the soul for glory.—*Sibbes.*

9. No books are so plain as the lives of men; no characters so legible as their moral conduct.—*Fuller.*

10. We may be members of a true church, and yet not true members of *the* church.—*Ibid.*

MARRIAGES OF THE ARABS.

The marriage-ceremony in general is very simple—Negotiations commence with the father of the maiden, who usually consults the wishes of his daughter, and if her consent is gained the match takes place. The marriage-day being appointed perhaps five or six days after, the bridegroom comes with a lamb in his arms to the tent of his betrothed, and there cuts the animal's throat before witnesses, and as soon as the blood falls upon the ground the ceremony is regarded as completed. It is accompanied with feasting and singing; all the guests present must eat bread and meat; for this is a circumstance absolutely necessary on such occasions. The form of betrothing differs in different tribes; sometimes the friend of the lover, holding the girl's father by the hand, merely says before witnesses, "You declare that you give your daughter as wife to ——." Among the Bedouins of Sinai the father of the bride gives to the suitor a twig of a tree or shrub, or something green, which he sticks in his turban and wears for three days, to show that he has taken a virgin in matrimony. The betrothed is seldom made acquainted with the change that is to take place in her condition. On returning home in the evening with the cattle, she is met a short distance from the camp by her future spouse and a couple of his young friends, who carry her by force to her father's tent. If she entertains any suspicion of their designs, she defends herself with stones, and often inflicts wounds on the assailants though she has no dislike to the lover; for the more she struggles, bites, kicks, cries, and strikes, the more she is applauded ever after by her own companions. Sometimes she escapes to the neighbouring mountains, and several days elapse before the bridegroom can find her; her female friends, meantime, being apprized of her hiding place, furnish her with provisions. When brought to her father's tent she is placed in the woman's apartment, where one of the young men immediately throws over her an abba in the name of her future husband; and this is often the first time she learns who the person is to whom she is betrothed. She is then dressed by her mother and female relations in her wedding-suit, which is provided by the bridegroom; and being mounted on a camel ornamented with tassels and shreds of cloth, she is conducted, still screaming and struggling in the most unruly manner, three times round the tent, while her companions utter loud exclamations. If the husband belong to a distant camp the women accompany her; and during the procession decency obliges her to cry and sob most bitterly. These lamentations and struggles continue after marriage; and sometimes she repeats her flight to the mountains, refusing to return until she is found out, or even far advanced in pregnancy. Marriages are generally solemnized on the Friday evenings, and the contracts are drawn up by the cadi; if the bride be a widow, or a divorced woman, it is attended with little ceremony or rejoicing. This sort of connexion is always reckoned ill-omened; no resistance is made—no feast takes place,—no guest will eat of the nuptial bread; for thirty days the husband will not taste any provisions belonging to his wife, and visitors when they come to drink coffee bring their own cups, because to touch any vessel belonging to the newly married widow would be considered the sure road to perdition. Sheiks and rich citizens display more splendour in their dresses and entertainments. The bride is decked out in the finest attire, perfumed with essences, and every part of her body painted with figures of flowers, trees, houses, antelopes, and other animals. Instead of receiving a marriage-portion, the husband pays for his wife,—the sum varies according to rank and circumstances.—Among the Arabs of Sinai it is from five to ten dollars; but some times thirty, if the girl is handsome and well connected. At Mecca the price paid for respectable maidens is from $40 to $[illegible] ([illegible]) and on the borders of Syria young men obtain their masters' daughters by serving a number of years. Part of the money only is paid down, the rest standing over as a kind of debt, or as security in case of divorce. The price of a widow is never more than half, generally but a third, of what is paid for a virgin.—*Harpers' Family Library, No. LXIX. History of Arabia, Volume II.*

ELECTRICITY.

It is very common for a lecturer upon electricity, after explaining fully to his class the fact, that when a communication is formed between the inside and outside of the jar, the fluid passes from one to the other, to request them to form a line by joining hands and to allow the charge to pass through them all, so as to observe who feels the effect soonest. But when the line is formed, and one extremity connected with the outside of the jar, and the individual who stands at the other extremity, touches the knob connected with the inside, the start of the whole line is precisely simultaneous. At college, this experiment is sometimes tried with some hundreds of students arranged in a long line in the college yard. The one at the extremity most remote from the jar takes hold of a chain which, supported at intervals, returns to the jar, and thus the fluid has to pass through a distance of many hundred feet, but no perceptible difference in time is to be observed.

Another interesting way for exhibiting the instantaneousness of the motion is this:—A wire connected at one end with the outside of the jar, is passed around the room, by fastening it against the wall, so that at last the other end returns near the table. At any remote part there may be a short interruption, across which the electricity will pass by a visible spark, at the precise instant in which the returning end of the wire is connected with the knob of the jar.

Some English philosophers tried the experiment on a still larger scale. They extended wires, supported by silken strings which they fastened to stakes set in the ground, several miles in length. The discharge was effected through these, and not the slightest difference between the entrance of the fluid at one end of the wire, and its return through the other could be perceived, though in the interval it must have passed six or eight miles. The motion of electricity may, however, be progressive—it may consume time,—and yet not be perceptible in so short a distance. Light requires time to pass across any space. This time is very perceptible in its crossing the earth's orbit, but in going ten miles, it would occupy only the two millionth part of a second—a period altogether imperceptible to man.

The following extracts from the Article on Electricity, contained in the English Library of Useful Knowledge, states some interesting particulars in relation to this part of our subject.

"By accurate experiments, it appears that the force of the electric shock is weakened; that is, its effects are diminished, by employing a conductor of great length for making the discharge. But it is difficult to assign a limit to the number of persons through which even a small charge of electricity may be sent, so that all shall experience the shock, or to the distance along which it may be conveyed by good conductors.

"At an early period of electrical inquiries, much interest was attached to the determination of these points. The Abbe Nollet passed an electrical shock from a small phial through a hundred and eighty of the French guards, in the presence of the King; and at the Carthusian convent in Paris, the monks were formed into a line above a mile in length, by means of iron wires held between them: on the discharge of the jar, the sensation was felt at the same moment by all the persons composing this vast circuit. Many experiments were made, both by the English and French electricians, with a view to ascertain the space which a discharge can be made to traverse, and the velocity with which it is transmitted. Of these, the most ingenious and satisfactory were the experiments planned and executed by Dr. Watson, with the assistance of the leading members of the Royal Society. A circuit was formed by a wire which extended the whole length of Westminster bridge, at a considerable height above the river. One end of this wire communicated with the outer casting of a charged phial or jar, the other being held by a person on the opposite side of the river, who formed a communication with the water by dipping into it an iron rod held by the other hand. The circuit was completed by another person who stood near the phial, and who likewise dipped an iron rod into the river with one hand, and was enabled by means of a wire held in the other, to effect a contact with the knob of the phial. Whenever the discharges took place, the shocks were felt by both persons; thus proving that the electric fluid must have been in motion along the whole line of the circuit, including both the wire above and the river below.

"In another experiment, made on Shooter's Hill, at a time when the ground was remarkably dry, the electricity was made to perform a circuit of four miles; being conducted for two miles along wires supported upon baked sticks, and for the remaining distance also of two miles, through the dry ground. As far as could be ascertained by the most careful observation, the time in which the discharge was transmitted along that immense circuit was perfectly instantaneous; nor has any other trial that has yet been made afforded the least approach to a measurement of the velocity with which electricity moves.

"On this subject, however, an important distinction should be made between the actual movement of each individual parcel of electric fluid, and the transmission of an impulse along a series of such particles, for the one may bear hardly any proportion to the other, just as we find that sound proceeds with a velocity incomparably greater than that of the particles of air which are concerned in its propagation. In like manner, the portion of blood which raises the artery at the wrist, where the pulse is felt, is not the identical portion of blood which is thrown from the heart by the contraction of that organ producing the pulsation; the impulse in all the cases being propagated like a wave, from one particle to another. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that the same particles of electric fluid, which enter at one part, have traversed from one end to the other of the whole line of conducting substances."

Gallery of Algaby, on the Simplon Road.

DESCRIPTION.

The Simplon Road across the Alps, from Geneva to Milan, is one of the most glorious monuments of Napoleon's enterprise. The route eminently claims the attention of all travellers by the novelty, variety, and grandeur, of the objects which it incessantly presents to the view. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to select another tract of equal extent, in which he would find such diversity of scenery, embracing all that is wild, awful and sublime in the polar regions of everlasting snow; and all that is beautiful, picturesque and magnificent in the mountains, forests and waters of more temperate regions. This road was began in 1801, by M. Ceard, author of the plan. Imagination can scarcely conceive the obstacles opposed to this undertaking. The road was required to cross rivers and precipices, and perforate hard rocks; but in many places it was to rest on crags, undermined by time and torrents, which it was necessary to support and consolidate. The execution of these works, however, fully answered the expectations formed from the talents of the engineers. From Brieg to Domo D'Ossola, the road crosses twenty-two bridges, through seven galleries, one seven hundred feet in length, rises 4,014 feet, and descends 5,225 feet. The Gallery of Algaby may be considered one of the most remarkable views on the whole route. The Gallery, or Tunnel, is 215 feet long, and is cut entirely through an immense mass of solid granite. The sombre appearance of the interior of the Gallery is well contrasted with the cheerfulness of the objects beyond it. The road is seen winding in various directions in the distance. The Gallery is, perhaps, less affected by changes of the weather than most others, in consequence, perhaps, of the peculiar solidity of the materials of which it is composed. It now and then happens, however, that the species of cement which unites the masses of granite gives way after severe frosts, and in consequence large fragments fall and obstruct the passage.

BYRON'S PRAYER.

BY J. MALCOLM.

My soul is sick of this long day,
I'm weary of its lingering light—
And loathing life I turn away
To weep and wish for night.
I long to lay me gently down
In slumber on my mother's breast
And would exchange an empire's crown
For everlasting rest.

Though but in manhood's morn I stand—
I've lived the laurel wreath to gain—
My songs are heard in every land,
And beauty breathes the strain.
Her smiles and sweetest tears are mine,
And yet of love—youth—[illegible]—
Oh! gladly would my heart resign
All—all for endless rest.

The dreams for which men wish to live
Or dare to die—the gilded cloud
Of glory o'er the tomb I'd give
For silence and a shroud.
I ask no paradise on high—
With beings' strife on earth oppressed—
The only heaven for which I sigh
Is rest—eternal rest!

My natal day with tears I keep,
Which I rejoiced in when a child,
And each return the birth I weep
O'er which my mother smiled.
Bid heaven take back the birth it gave,
That I a cold and silent guest,
Within my father's house the grave,
May find a long—long rest.

Without my own consent I came,
But with my wildest wish I go—
For I would fainly be the same
I was—ere born to wo.
My cold hush'd heart, with no pale gleams
Of consciousness to wake or waste,
I would have slept within its dreams,
And rest—eternal rest.

From the New Monthly Magazine for October.

PAGANINI'S FIDDLE.

"Il cantar, che nell anima, si sente.—PETRARCH.
"This must be spirit music, good my Lord!"
TEMPEST.

What traveller who has ever visited "Genoa la Superba," can forget the Strada Balbi, with its marble palaces, its bright frescos, and hanging orange groves? Who can forget that clear blue sky, whose tints are reflected in the Mediterranean, and whose heat is tempered by the "aria marina," which there so greatly refreshes the southern atmosphere? Bright and sunny as the picture is, still, like all others, it has its reverse—and some of the narrow lanes, which lie in the vicinity of this magnificent street, present, as if by way of contrast, scenes of dirt, desolation, and wretchedness, unequalled in any even of the Italian cities.

In one of these miserable byeways, in 1810, the period at which our story commences, Nicolo Paganini, the violinist, "par excellence," whose name has since been borne upon the waters of fame throughout all Europe, and who has been deemed, in the judgment of the musical world, unrivalled and supreme in the arcana of his art, dwelt in poverty, unnoticed and unknown. He was the inhabitant of one of the poorest shops in the Vicolo, or narrow lane, and barely obtained enough by working as a musical instrument maker to support his aged mother, who for many years had been his sole companion. For some time past their circumstances had been gradually declining, and the little patrimony bequeathed to Paganini by his father, had been dissipated and exhausted, so that the poor Genoese had been reduced from comparative independence to obtain his daily bread by his daily labour. This had not always been the case. The little shop of Paganini had at one time exhibited an appearance of comfort, and even wealth; he and his mother Brigitta had been decently clad; and as there were not many tradesmen in Genoa who followed the same occupation, he had obtained a tolerable livelihood. At that period he might regularly have been seen working cheerfully at the door of his little habitation, gaily humming some of the favourite airs of his native city, and repaying with interest the good-humoured jokes of the Genoese damsels, who often raised their veils in passing to gaze upon his thin ungainly figure, and wild, spirit-like face. But all his bright prospects of independence had been clouded, and one unfortunate calamity seemed to doom him to continual melancholy, and to hopeless poverty—he had become the victim of monomania; a devoted prey to one unchangeable idea, which haunted him night and day, and whose impulses he blindly followed, regardless of the privations he might suffer or give rise to. His poor mother, deeply afflicted at seeing him thus dissipate his substance, in vain entreated him not to reduce her to misery. Her supplications were disregarded, sometimes unheard, and her son continued to neglect his ordinary occupation, so that by degrees all his savings, his stock in trade, his furniture, and even his very clothes, were swallowed up in the expenses incurred by the futile experiments which his monomania induced him to make. It must, however, be confessed, that if there had been any chance of his obtaining his object, Paganini had hit upon an excellent speculation. Having in his possession a violin of the celebrated Mantuan maker, Tartini, for which several amateurs had offered him extravagant prices, the idea of imitating the excellencies of that maker flashed across his mind. He calculated, fairly enough, that if he could produce a violin, copied from this model with mathematical exactness, formed of a similar description of wood, and coloured and varnished in a similar manner, his instrument would fully equal the original in tone and value. In spite, however, of all his endeavours, he always discovered some trifling difference between the copy and the model—some indefinitely slight distinctions which rendered it necessary to commence the work over again. Thus the poor instrument-maker seemed destined to the endless task of constructing new violins, and of making infinitely close approximations to, without ever reaching, the perfection which he aimed at. At last, after many experiments, Paganini's original ideal became somewhat modified; he had completed a violin which, to all appearance, was a perfect copy of the Tartini, and which, nevertheless, was so wholly inferior to it, that Paganini began to suspect that some element of a superior nature, some intellectual essence above his reach, existed in the composition of that *chef-d'œuvre* of violins. "Who knows," said he, raising his tall, thin figure, and fixing his dark, unhealthy eyes upon a Genoese professor, who endeavoured to solve his problem by some new application of the theory of sound—"Who knows whether I should not seek, out of the pale of this gross material world, the solution of my doubts? Words are the representatives of ideas, are they not? Well, then, when I speak of the soul of music which dwells within my violin, perhaps I may have unwittingly mentioned the obstacle which retards me; perhaps there may be a soul of music? What think you Signor?" The Professor, with an inward conviction of the madness of poor Paganini, only answered by shaking his head in that oracular, Lord Burleigh style, which means every thing or nothing, and left the shop, while Paganini continued soliloquising. "Aye, the soul of music! but how is that spirit to be invoked, and to what incantation will it prove submissive? I have heard of one Mozart, a German, who has effected wondrous music with a zauberflote (a magic flute) why should there not be also a magic violin? Let me consider now." His head sunk on his breast, and he only became the more deeply buried in his speculations.

One day a customer, who brought him a fiddle-bow to have it repaired, forgot in his shop a book, which remained there unreclaimed for some time. Paganini, in his hours of leisure, which were rare, (for when his hands were not engaged in manual labour, his poor visionary brains were at work), turned over the leaves. It was one of those respectable monuments of Florentine patience which the press of Messrs. Giulio Auberti produced in the seventeenth century—the prototype of the modern Encyclopedias and Societies for the Diffusion of Knowledge. The author of the work, which thus fell into Paganini's hands, modestly professed his intention to treat "*de omnibus rebus*, and also of many other things," and certainly did his best to fulfil his profession by making his book, like Lord Brougham's head, a universal repertorium! There a chapter upon the best form of government was to be found beside one upon the Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne; and a receipt for making Cypress wine was followed by a dissertation on the Council of Trent. As Paganini indolently turned over its leaves, the words "Transmigration of Souls" suddenly met his eye. He started up in extasy, feeling that his hour was come, and that the great secret which he had so long sought, and sought for in vain, was on the point of being revealed to him. He devoured the chapter, which contained merely an account of the Indian doctrine of the Metempsychosis; and conceiving that a new light had burst in upon him, occupied himself in making preparations for the great physiological experiment, which he hoped would soon crown his efforts.

Three months after Paganini had perused the volume which had so deeply attracted his attention, and had become imbued with the idea of the eternal transmigration of souls, through animate and inanimate bodies, thus convincing himself of the possibility of animating an inanimate violin, the interior of the little shop which he inhabited presented a strange and unusual scene. It was one o'clock in the morning; not a sound was to be heard in the devoted streets of Genoa; and then, in a small apartment behind his shop, whose darkness was only rendered visible by one small lamp, lay Brigitta Paganini, the mother of our artist, in the pangs of her last hour, on the very same black leather bed on which, thirty years before, her son Nicolo had been brought into the world. We would not, however, insinuate for a moment, that Paganini had murdered his mother for the sake of establishing his theory. No; he had not as yet reached so high a degree of apathetic philosophy. The respectable old lady was only dying of a cancer, which she had rendered inveterate by copious doses of rosolia. There she lay, a prey to all the agonies which that torturing disease inflicts upon its victims, speechless, and only giving evidence of her existence by deep and painful groans; and beside the bed stood her son Nicolo, pale but determined,—unnerved by the pangs of which he was witness,—not one tear glistening in his eyes,—not one muscle of his face exhibiting an expression of sympathy. No; all his faculties were absorbed in watching the expiring woman, while he applied to her dying lips a long leathern tube connected with the violin lying upon the table.

At fifty-two minutes and some seconds past one, the respiration of poor Brigitta suddenly ceased; her pulse stopped,—her eye became fixed;—and her son, almost shouting for joy, having received her last breath in the tube, hermetically stopped the entrance, and forced the dying sigh down the leathern passage into the body of the violin. This, it is hardly necessary to inform our readers, was the experiment over which Paganini had so long pondered. This was the impious attempt which, with the heartlessness of ambition, he made to imprison the soul of his respectable mother in the bowels of a violin. Happily, however, the superhuman experiment was frustrated. The Indian philosophers, who fancied the last sigh, the *anima ultima*, to be synonimous with the soul, had misled him through their false system of metaphysics. The human soul has other modes of reaching the region of eternal misery or bliss than through the medium of human respiration; and the result of the experiment was to imprison, not the *soul*, but the *ghost*, the surviving human breath of the estimable Brigitta, in the fiddle of her son. It must not, however, be imagined that such audacious tampering with the things of the invisible world were unattended with evil to the bold experimenter. At the moment the great effort was accomplished, and the ghost was heard fluttering for freedom against the sides of the violin, Paganini, exhausted by the efforts which he had made, and the emotions which he had experienced, sunk lifeless upon the floor, and remained there until the sun was already high in the heavens.

When he recovered, it was only by slow degrees that the transactions of the night were presented to his mind. With a slow and trembling step he approached the bed upon which his mother lay. He closed her eyes, which seemed to regard him with a melancholy and reproachful glance; and then, throwing aside all thoughts of repentance, rushed in ecstacy to the table on which the violin lay, and, gently touching the strings, ascertained, from the soothing spiritual sounds which issued from it, that his experiment had not been without effect. His violin had at length become a something more than human!

Gradually, and by awful degrees, did Paganini venture to make use of the magic power which he had thus acquired. The place in which the incantation had been performed grew hateful to him; he quitted Genoa, where he had become an object of suspicion and envy, and went to exhibit his magic violin upon the more extensive theatres of Rome and Naples. Everywhere his music produced the most astonishing effects; everywhere he was heard with the deepest rapture, his performance striking even the most jealous of his rivals dumb with admiration. At Rome he had the honour of a private audience with the Pope at the Quirinal Palace, and had the incredibly religious audacity to perform upon the spirit of his mother for the entertainment of Pius VII. and a select conclave of Cardinals. The Pontiff, after consulting Cardinal Gonsalvi, pronounced the music to be heavenly!—a judgment which the reader must needs regard as a striking proof of Papal fallibility, as the spirit of Brigitta was not in heaven, and, at best, was subject to all the tortures of a musical purgatory,—now groaning in the *de profundis* of a bass, and now hurried aloft into the aerial wailings of a *in altissimo*. Her voice is particularly observable in his sharps. However, Paganini departed from Rome covered with honours; and at Naples his success was still more remarkable. The king assigned a suite of apartments in the Caseria Palace for his use. The Lazzaroni, awakened from their usual "dolce far niente," pointed him out to each other in the streets, "Ecco il gran sonatore;" and, better than all, the Opera-house was crowded to suffocation every night of his performance, and crowns and sonnets were showered upon his head. Little did the Roman Pontiff, or the amateurs of the San Carlo, think, while they listened to the unearthly tones of the enchanted instrument, that it was spirit music sounded in their ears,—that it was the injured spirit of the imprisoned Brigitta pleading in plaintive tones for her release.

At length, thanks to the newspapers and M. Laporte, the fame of Paganini reached the good city of London, where higher rewards than even those in the Arabian tale await the inventor of a new pleasure, and where novelty calls down a golden shower more surely than the conductor attracts the electric fluid. Money was all-powerful in the soul of the Italian, and to London he went; passing, however, through Paris, where he had the good fortune of "assisting" at a grand review of the National Guard, by Louis Philippe, one or two "emeutes," and about a dozen concerts. At London Paganini at last arrived; and there his unhallowed thirst for fame and gold was doomed to experience some foretaste of its punishment. It is true that his concerts were well attended; his name was the topic of every tongue; enterprising booksellers puffed his pseudo biographies; grave physiologists wrote essays upon his physical organization; his face and figure disfigured every printshop; and sentimental young ladies (there is no nation more romanesque than the English) laid their bewitching selves, and still more bewitching fortunes, at his feet! Even the barriers of the exclusives fell at his approach! He was *feted* at Lady Y——'s and the Duke of D——'s; and, to crown the triumph of his soul, managers vied in offering him the hugest engagements!

"Sed medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat."

"Amidst the roses fierce repentance rears her snaky crest

While the triumph of the violinist was at its highest, the cup of pleasure, for a time, was dashed from his guilty lips. At his last concert in the Haymarket, an old *Genoese*, the butler of the Sardinian Ambassador, happened to be present. He had known "dans les beaux jours de sa jeunesse," under the bright sky of Italy, Brigitta Paganini; he had known and passionately loved her; and the recollections of his early attachment had never been obliterated from his susceptible bosom. When the first sound of Paganini's violin reached his ears, he started in amazement; a thousand recollections of youth, of home, of happiness, of the smiles and tears of former years, were excited by the plaintive tones of his early love issuing from the fiddle. Human nature would not support the shock, and old Pietro fainted. Some of his fellow-domestics, it is true, accused him of having swallowed at dinner too large a portion of that pernicious potation, so pleasing to Londoners, called gin; but Pietro stoutly maintained the next morning (for on the fatal evening he had been carried to bed in the most affecting state), that his emotion had not been occasioned by any earthly spirit, but by the heavenly spirit of the long-lost Brigitta. He immediately proceeded to 22 Regent street, demanded an interview with Paganini, approached him with tottering steps, and, in a hollow voice, demanded, "Where is the mother?" This question overcame the shattered nerves of the conscience-stricken fiddler. He glared unutterable things,—struck his forehead frantically, rushed from the room, with his fiddle-case under his arm; locked the door upon the astonished Pietro,—ordered post-horses instantly,—and quitted England never to return.

Such, at least was his intention; but the love of gold is stronger than the love of one's mother, or even than the dread of her ghost. At any rate, all the Genoese think so, and some few Englishmen; otherwise so many good lessons in childhood and one's copy-book would not be so soon forgotten by the dealers in bank-notes and fiddle-notes. News was brought to Paganini that Pietro, not many hours after his interview with him, had died of a locked jaw, and that his notion of the maternal spirit had been looked upon by the incredulous English as the fancy of a disordered brain. Paganini sighed; looked at his strong box; gave a few ducats to the church of St. Siri, for the repose of his mother's soul! (so inconsistent is superstition;) and set off again with that very soul in his fiddle-case for England.

"With this sauce," says the *Almanach des Gourmands*, speaking of we forget what exquisite condiment, "a man might eat his father."

"With this temptation," quoth Paganini, looking at a fresh draft on a banker, with a groan betwixt rapture and remorse, "a man may, and *must* play the devil with the ghost of his mother."

LOVE ME!

Love me—Love me—like the stars
That love to shine at night,
With sparkling eyes
In joy arise
To kiss the gloom and make it bright.

My heart—My heart is a gloomy vail,
That time has darkened o'er;
But come with the light
Of thine eyes, star-bright,
And darkness shall be no more.

Love me—Love me—like the sun
That warms while it lightens too,
Brings flowers to life
With sweetness rife,
I care not for life without flowers to view.

My heart—My heart's a garden wild,
Its flowers are left to perish;
But come like the sun,
And smile upon
The heart's garden roses, and cherish.

Love me—Love me—like the moon,
For the moon is chaste and bright;
And love to endure,
Must, like moonlight, be pure,
And holiness be in its light.

My heart—My heart's like a placid brook
That lies in a garden fair;
And the sunrays at noon,
And the stars and the moon,
Must beam on and brighten there.

From the Literary Souvenir.

ALLAN M'TAVISH.

In a secluded nook of one of the wildest and most solitary parts of the Argyllshire coast, where it is washed by the Atlantic waters, there stood, some thirty years ago, the cottage of a Highland fisherman. The traveller who should now look for its site would probably be unrewarded for his pains;—it has long since mouldered from the face of the earth. A few stones, half buried among sand, are all that remain to indicate where the humble dwelling of human hearts once sanctified the bosom of solitude;—yet were its walls the mute witnesses of love as deep—of agony as intense—as ever lived and burned within the soul beneath the roof of palaces. Nature is no respecter of places. The passions, which obey her call, belong alike to all her children; the decay which follows her footsteps is the appointed lot of all things wherein these children have a path here below.

At the period of which I spoke the cottage stood at the very base of a range of lofty and precipitous cliffs, which, retiring in a semicircle from the shore at that particular spot, left a recess at their feet, whose only opening was to the sea. This little nook, not more than half an acre in extent, was during high water entirely separated from communication with the world beyond it, as the sea flowed up to the base of the rocky walls which, girding it on either side, extended themselves along the coast. The only mode by which it was at such times possible to obtain egress from it, was one accessible only to the foot of a daring and fearless craigsman, that of scrambling on hands and knees across the face of rocks, which, beetling over a sea so high and tempestuous, looked as though they defied the pigmy efforts of man to surmount their mighty ramparts. Yet this feat, frightful as it would have appeared to one unaccustomed to it, had more than once been accomplished by the bold and sure-footed inhabitants of the coast, by means of strong woolen poles, ropes to aid their descent, and a judicious method of availing themselves of every projecting bush, or tuft of heather, to assist their toilsome progress. At ebb-tide, a narrow strip of sand, turning the projecting headlands, afforded a path whereby to gain the wider extent of shore beyond them, some three-quarters of a mile along which was situated a row of fisherman's cottages, lying on the right hand, after leaving the solitary cabin above mentioned, which stood aloof and secluded from all, yet wearing a character very superior to that of the others. Its appearance, in fact, was nearer that of the neat and carefully-kept abodes of peasantry on a Lowland gentleman's estate, than the slovenly hut of a northern fisherman. Some pains had been taken to form a little garden beside it, at the sheltering foot of the cliff; and these pains—screened as it was from all winds, even from those blowing off the sea, at least in ordinary weather—had been attended with considerable success. Every thing around the door was kept in extreme order; and the narrow strip of grass on which the sand had not encroached, served as a little bleaching-green to the fisherman's young and lovely Lowland wife, on which she was often to be seen spreading out her clothes, and with her baby laid upon the grass beside her, while awaiting the return of her husband from his fishing; at which time it was her usual custom to repair to the beach, in order to assist him in carrying up his nets to the house.

Allan Mac Tavish, her husband, was a tall and handsome young Highlander, who had, about two years previous to the time of which I write, arrived in that part of the country to settle, with his newly-married wife. He was a native of the coast, and had been bred a fisherman from childhood; but some time before his marriage he had left the country, to accompany his foster-brother, a young Highland gentleman, to the bridge of Allan, a watering-place in Stirlingshire, whither he had been ordered for his health. The young laird's affection for his foster-brother was such that he could not endure to be separated from him, and Allan left his fishing to go with him. The laird returned no more; he died in the Lowlands, but Allan Mac Tavish came back, enriched by a small legacy from him, and accompanied by one of the prettiest girls in all Stirlingshire as his wife. From that time they had continued to reside in the Cove of Craignavarroch, as the spot where their cottage stood was named, to all appearance the happiest of couples. They were doatingly attached to each other; and when, on returning from his fishing, Allan Mac Tavish sat down beside his clean and cheerful hearth, with his infant on his knee, while his wife spun, or mended his nets beside him, he at least felt that the world did not contain for him a spot so blessed as his own little home.

But there was one heart in the group that felt as though it dared not be happy. Margaret Weir, the young wife of Allan, loved her husband with a depth and intensity of affection which had led her to do as she had done—to violate filial duty for his sake, but which could not teach her to forget the fault she committed, or the parent whom she had deserted; and the consciousness of her disobedience was with her in her happiest hour, to sink her heart as with a weight of lead. She was the only child of a wealthy farmer, originally from Ayrshire, who had come during his daughter's childhood, immediately after the death of his wife, to settle in Stirlingshire, not far from the Bridge of Allan. Andrew Weir was one of those who still retain, almost in all their original strictness, the peculiar tenets, and ideas of the Cameronians; of whom there are many to be found at the present day in the wild and lonely districts of the south-western part of Scotland. His notions of family discipline, and of strict seclusion from those who held a different doctrine from his own, were extremely rigid;—yet notwithstanding these, the affection which he had borne his daughter was very great,—nor had the harmony subsisting between them ever experienced any interruption, until the arrival of Allan Mac Tavish near their place of residence, and his subsequent acquaintance with Margaret, first broke in upon the calm tenor of her life, by introducing sensations to which her heart had never before been awakened. The intimacy of his daughter with the young Highlander had continued for a considerable time, ere Andrew Weir became aware of it; for Margaret knew her father's prejudices too well to dare to make him acquainted with her lover. It came to his knowledge by accident, and his anger was proportionably great. In common with many of his countrymen, Andrew entertained an extreme dislike to Highlanders, which dislike, in the present instance, received tenfold confirmation from the circumstances of Mac Tavish being a Catholic. He would have considered himself as signing the warrant for his daughter's eternal perdition, had he not instantly forbidden all intercourse between them.

At this conjuncture, Allan's foster-brother died, and left him the legacy already mentioned, but with his death, at the same time, ceased all the reasons for Allan's remaining absent from his own country. He contrived an interview with Margaret ere he should depart. It is needless to linger on an oft-old tale. The struggle between filial affection and all-powerful love in the heart of the unsophisticated girl, was severe and long continued; while the religious feelings in which she had been educated contributed to swell the amount of reluctance and of terror with which she contemplated the step to which she was urged. But love at last prevailed.—Margaret fled from her father's house with her lover. They instantly proceeded to Edinburgh, where they were married by a Catholic priest; and then sought the lonely solitude of Allan's old Argyllshire mountains. But Margaret,—so strict had been the filial obedience in which she was brought up, so severe the religious faith of her youth,—could not find happiness the portion of her married life, notwithstanding all the kindness of her husband, the loveliness of her infant, and the peacefulness of her home. The image of her gray-haired father going down in his sorrow to a lonely grave, mourning, in bitterness of heart the sin and the falling away of his only child, was ever before her eyes. She concealed from her husband the remorse which embittered her happiness; but often when his boat was on the sea, and she was alone in her little dwelling with her infant,—not a sight or a sound of a human being near,—nothing but the sea-birds screaming from the cliffs, and the sea making wild music to their song, as it splashed and roared against the rocks that shut out the cove from the world—often at such an hour, would Margaret look back to the image of the cheerful farm-house in the green sunny holm by Allan water;—to the blazing ingle, by whose side stood her old father's chair,—to the venerable form of that now forsaken father, as he opened "the big Ha' Bible," to begin the evening worship; while she sat by his side, and the farm servants formed a circle around. Alas! her accustomed seat was empty now. The name of the undutiful daughter was heard no more in the dwelling of her childhood. Had she indeed still a father? or had her guilty desertion not broken his heart and sent him to a death-bed which no filial hand had smoothed?—Then would she press her babe to her heart, while the tears of bitter and fruitless penitence fell on its innocent face, and pray to God that her sin might not be visited on it; nor be punished in her own person by a like instance of ingratitude in her own child. The return of her beloved husband might for a time dispel these miserable thoughts; but still they came again when he left her—sometimes even when he was by her side. And when, as often happened, his boat was out in rough and tempestuous weather, the anxiety and the terror of poor Margaret were indeed terrible. She seemed ever haunted by some mysterious dread of punishment through the means of her warmest affections—her husband or her child.

There came a bright sunny day in April, when the sun set calmly and cloudlessly, leaving a long train of light over the sea. Allan Mac Tavish went to his bed at sunset, bidding his wife awaken him at eleven at night. It would be high tide in about an hour after that time, when his boat would be most easily floated off; and he, in common with the fishermen who lived in the huts already mentioned, farther along the coast, were then to depart on their expedition. Margaret determined accordingly to sit up until that hour, in order to obviate any danger of not waking in proper time, had she laid down to sleep. But as the night darkened in, and all became stillness and silence in the cottage, an unwonted drowsiness crept over her: in spite of all her efforts, her eyes closed—thoughts wavered before her mind in confused and shapeless forms, till they gradually melted away into dreams; and leaning her head on a chair beside the low stool on which she had seated herself, she sank into a profound sleep.

When at last she opened her eyes, which was with a sudden start, she perceived her husband standing on the floor, and nearly dressed. Casting her eyes towards a silver watch (the gift of Allan's foster-brother,) which hung upon the wall, she perceived by the firelight that it was after eleven: and hastily rose from her seat, in that confusion of ideas which attends a hurried awakening from sleep.

"Margaret, dear," said her husband kindly, "what for did ye stay out of bed? I never knew till I wakened, and saw ye sleeping there."

"Have I no' been i' my bed?" exclaimed Margaret, as she looked around her, "Oh, ay, I mind it a' noo. I just fell asleep sittin' aside the fire. An', Allan, whar are ye gaun e'en noo?"

"Where am I gaun?" returned Allan. "Where would I be gaun? Ye're no awake yet, Margaret, dear. I am for the boat, lass."

"The boat!" almost shrieked Margaret, as the recollection seemed to rush upon her; "the boat!—Oh no, Allan, ye maunna' gang the nicht, Allan. Ye maunna' gang!"

"Not gang to night!" exclaimed he in astonishment. "And what for no? I must gang in half an hour's time. And gang ye to your bed, hinny, and tak a sleep."

"Oh, Allan," said Margaret, bursting into tears, "be guided by me, and take na the boat the nicht, or we'se a' rue it."

"What's the matter, Margaret?" anxiously inquired he. "What's pitten that in yer head?"

"I had a dream e'en now, Allan," sobbed Margaret, "that warned me no to let ye gang. I fell asleep, and I dreamed that I was sitten' here, i' the ingleneuk, an, waitin' till it was time to waken ye for the fishin', an' on a sudden the door opened, and my auld father cam ben, and stood afore me; there whar you're stannin', Allan. An' I thocht he lookit gay an' stern-ways at me, an' says he, 'Margaret,' says he, 'tell your husband to bide at hame the nicht, and no gang to the fishin', or ye'll may be rue it when ye canna' mend it.' And wi' that he turned roun', and gaed awa' again, or ever I had power to speak till him; an' I startit up, and wankenet wi' the fricht. But do, Allen!" and Margaret again burst into a flood of weeping; "it's na for nocht that I've seen the auld man this nicht. Be ruled by the warnin' he gied me, and dinna gang to the fishin'."

"Hoots, bairn," exclaimed her husband, "your father liked na' me. It was mair like he wad warn ye no' to let me gang, to hinder me from some good than from ill. No, no, Margaret dear, gang I must, this night."

Margaret again wept, wrung her hands, and implored her husband not to go. But superstitious as every Highlander is, on this night it appeared that his wife's mysterious dream made no impression upon Allan Mac Tavish. His spirits, on the contrary, had seldom seemed so high or so excited. He led Margaret to the door,—showed her the calm, clear sky, brilliant with stars, and the full spring-tide coming so tranquilly into the little bay;—asked her with a kiss, if this were a night to let a dream frighten him from his fishing; and without awaiting farther remonstrance, strode to the place where his boat was moored; and as he pushed it from the shore, turned his head, once more to utter a light and laughing farewell. "Gang to your bed, my bonny Peggy," he said, "and be up belyve the morn, to see the grand boat load o' fish that I'll bring ye back."

Margaret stood upon the shore and watched his boat as it doubled the head and, until, through the darkness, her straining eyes could no longer discern it; heedless the while of the still advancing tide, that now laved her feet. She dried her tears, and looked up to the calm heaven, where not a cloud obscured the dark-blue bosom of night; till at last, half reassured by her husband's cheerful anticipations, half cheered by the serene aspect of the weather, she returned to the cottage, and after commending him in a fervent prayer to the protection of heaven, she replenished the fire with peats, and lay down beside her child, where, in a short time, she fell into a tranquil sleep.

How long Margaret had slept she knew not; but it could not have been very long, for, except the fitful flashes of the firelight, all was darkness in the cottage, when she was suddenly awakened by a loud prolonged sound. She started up in bed, and listened, in an agony of apprehension that almost froze her blood in her veins. It was no dream—no delusion, she distinctly heard the loud wild howling of the awakened blast [illegible] overhead as though it would tear off the very roof of the cottage, and scatter it [illegible] Margaret sprang from her bed, and, [illegible] as she was, rushed to the cottage door. The instant she raised the latch, the force of the tempest dashed it open against the wall. She went out into the night. A pitchy darkness brooded over all things; every star seemed blotted from the face of heaven; but dimly through the gloom she could descry the white crests of the waves, as they surged and tossed [illegible] within a few yards of the cottage door. The tide had risen to a height almost unexampled [illegible] within the Cove of Craignavarroch [illegible] breaking high [illegible] like thunder. [illegible] stood for a minute [illegible] the cottage, she fell upon her knees, and held up her hands to heaven; "Lord God!" she exclaimed—"have mercy! have mercy!" She could not utter another word. She hid her face in her hands, and sobbed in agony.

Still the tempest raged, and the waves roared on. Margaret dressed herself, and carefully covered her infant, whose sweet sleep was unbroken by the fearful tumult. Again she went to the door, and stood, looking into the night, regardless of the wind, which drove heavy rain against her face. She strained her eyes to distinguish some sound [illegible] pauses of the hurricane. As well might she have striven to distinguish the low moan of the woodland bird, as the wildest shriek that ever broke from the lips of despair or anguish, in the midst of an uproar of the elements like that which she had dreamed of hearing. But from whom that sound must have come, were far—far beyond where her ear could catch their voices.

She closed the door, returned into the room, and knelt down again on the floor, burying her face and closing her ears, as if to shut out the noise of the tempest; while her whole frame shook with the gasping sobs which brought no tears to relieve her; and at every fresh burst of the blast, she shuddered and her limbs drew closer together. She tried to pray,—but the words died upon her lips. She could not speak;—she could not even think;—she only felt as though she were all one nerve—one thrilling nerve—quivering beneath repeated and torturing pangs.

On a sudden the wind sunk,—completely sunk. For the space of three minutes there was not a breath heard to blow. Margaret raised her head, and listened. All was still. She was about to spring from the ground, when back—back it came again,—the hideous burst—the roaring billow of the augmented hurricane, as though it had gained strength and fierceness from its brief repose! Back it came—shaking the very cottage walls, and rattling the door and little window as though it would burst them open,—and Margaret flung herself forward again with a wild shriek, and clasped her hands over her ears again, to deaden the sound.

Then she started from the ground, as a thought struck her, which seemed to bring some faint gleam of hope. "I kenna whan the storm began," said she to herself. "He may never hae won farrer nor the houses ayont the craigs yonder;—or they may hae pitten back time to save there; and he'll be biddin' the mornin's light, and the fa' o' the wind, or he come back here again. Oh, ay, that'll just be it! Surely—surely that'll be it," she repeated, as if to assure herself of the truth of what she had said. She took down the watch from the nail on which it hung, and looked at it by the fire-light. The hand pointed to half past two. "Oh! will it never be day?—will it never be light again?" she exclaimed as she replaced it, "that I may win yont the craigs, and see gin he be there." She went again to the door. All was darkness still, and wild uproar without. No gleam of light to announce the far distant dawn. A fresh burst of wind drove her back. "Oh!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "I gin he had been advised by me! But the dochter that left her father's gray hairs to mourn her, deserves na' a better lot. It was e'en owre muckle gudeness to gie a warnin' o't."

The long dark hours of that terrible night dragged on—on—in all the torments, the unutterable torments of suspense. And if anything can aggravate those torments, it is enduring them amid darkness. There is something awfully indefinite at all times in the thick impenetrable gloom of night—but when that gloom is armed with terrors, and big with dangers, to which the very impossibility of ascertaining their extent adds tenfold in the imagination, then it is that we truly feel the full amount of its awfulness. At last a faint dim glimmer of gray light began to break over the trembling waves.—Again Margaret was at her cottage door. It was barely light enough to show her how mountainous were the billows that dashed and raved upon the shore,—how thick and heavy were the clouds that darkened the sky. The wind howled with unabated fury, and the rain drove against her by fits. She could just discern, by the faint day-break, the white foam that marked the tops of the waves, which were now ebbing from the bay; while a thick rib of sand and sea-weed upon the grass not far from the door, marked how fearfully high they had flowed through the night. She cast an eager glance towards the cliffs. Surely by this time it would be practicable to scramble along their base, and to reach the path on the shore of the fishermen's huts!—She felt as though it were impossible to remain another instant in that state of terrible uncertainty. But then, her infant! She durst not carry it out by so hazardous a path, in the wet, cold, dark dawn, and should she leave it behind, it might wake and miss her? She turned distractedly into the room, and approached its bed. It was still in a sound and tranquil sleep; and with a desperate effort of resolution, she determined to make the attempt. She approached the door, and fastened her plaid firmly around her, ere she stepped forth upon her scarce distinguishable way.

At that moment, ere Margaret could cross the threshold, a strange sensation came across her. A cold air rushed past her, like that occasioned by the rapid approach and still more rapid passing of some unseen substantial object. A dimness came over her sight; she could not be said to see—but she felt as if something cold and wet had glided swiftly by her, with a scarce perceptible contact, into the house. A damp dew overspread her forehead; her limbs trembled and bent beneath her, as she instinctively turned round, and looked into the room which she had quitted. The light was so faint, that within the house it scarce vanquished the darkness; but a bright gleam flashing up from the fire, showed every thing in the room distinctly for an instant's space; and by that gleam, Margaret beheld the figure of her husband standing within the door, pale, as it seemed to her, and dim, and shadowy, with the water dripping from his clothes and hair. The fire-flash sunk as instantaneously as it had shone; and all was again obscurity, as she dropped upon the floor in a swoon.

When the unhappy wife again opened her eyes, and recovered her perceptions of what was passing around her, she found herself laid in her own bed. The bright glorious sunshine was beaming in at the cottage window, as though to mock her desolation. Several women, from the neighbouring fishing village, were in the room, one of whom held in her arms the infant of Margaret, whom she was endeavouring to soothe and quiet; and at the moment she raised her head, the door opened, and upon the self-same spot where she had seen him that morning beheld his likeness stand, she saw the lifeless corpse of her drowned husband, borne in the arms of some of his comrades, who had with difficulty rescued it from the devouring waves; yet rescued it too late to save.

Some weeks afterwards, as the household of Andrew Weir, were rising from their evening devotions, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the kitchen in which they were all assembled. The old farmer himself went to open it. A female figure, pale, thin, and wasted, clad in deep mourning, and holding an infant in her arms, stood trembling before him. He gazed on her for a moment in silent uncertainty, then desired her to "come in bye."

"Father," said she, clasping her attenuated hands together, "do ye no ken me?" An electric shock of recognition seemed to run through

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, May 2, 1834.

Publication Office, No. 36 Carter's Alley, opposite the Girard Bank.

To our Subscribers in New York.

☞We are desirous of ascertaining, with certainty, the situation of the accounts of subscribers to the Post, in New York. Our subscribers in that city will be waited upon in the course of next week by a gentleman, for that purpose, to whom they are requested to show their receipts, whether from Thomas H. Jackson, late agent, or any other person.

*** It is requested that those gentlemen who call at the post office for their papers, will have their address under cover, directed to R. C. Atkinson, at the Tontine Coffee House, or at the post office.

The number of travellers to and from New York and Baltimore, is probably as great as has ever been known, at this season of the year. The steam boat line of New York and Philadelphia is well filled with passengers. The number on board the rail-road line was scarcely less than three hundred. Even the Emerald, for Wilmington, had a respectable number of passengers. The facilities for travelling, and the conveniences of the several lines, render a journey to either of our outer cities, a pleasant and delightful excursion.— The passage to New York is now regularly made in eight hours.

The Law Library for *May*, was issued in the early part of the present week. This periodical has always been very beautifully printed, and issued with great punctuality. The publication office is at Pittsburgh, and Lovejoy, of the Philada. Bar, have been made with characteristic judgment, and the works re-printed, have given a great and deserved popularity to this valuable publication.

The present No. concludes the work of Woolrych on Ways, to which we adverted upon the appearance of the first Number.

The Law Library is published monthly, by Mr. J. S. Littell, Law publisher, No. 11 George St.

The May number of Atkinson's Casket, will be ready for delivery in the early part of next week. The frontispiece embellishment, is a beautiful view of the Girard College for Orphans, now being erected in the vicinity of Philadelphia, in pursuance of the directions of the late Stephen Girard, Esq. This building, when finished, will be one of the noblest specimens of architecture in the world. The plate is accompanied with an accurate description. The contents of the number, will be noticed more particularly next week.

MAY.

"Welcome! dawn of summer's day,
Youthful, verdant, balmy May!"

The most delightful month of the year has dawned upon us, under favourable auspices. We enjoy a pleasant temperature, and a genial sun, and nature has clothed herself decked in her gayest attire. The peach trees are in blossom—the lilac is in full bloom—flowers skirt the borders of our garden delightful—the fields are green, and the merry songs of the spring birds are heard in the thickets, exciting their notes of joy—The appearance of the country adjacent to our crowded city, is refreshing and delightful. Nature has entirely thrown off winter's dull habit, and now appears in her most captivating and enchanting dress, with smiles beguiling the care-worn, and soothing the chilled anxieties of the man of business. A walk to the banks of our romantic Schuylkill, or a ride a few miles along its meandering waters, is a treat which no citizen should forego, and which can be enjoyed with so little trouble. The country air, and the fragrance of the fields, are remedies for all complaints.

A goodly custom of the olden time, seems celebrated the May morning, by a trip to the country, to cull flowers as parlour ornaments. The custom is a good one, productive of cheerfulness, vivacity and health, and we are pleased to see it still observed.

The first of May was anciently celebrated with great pomp and parade, and the May pole, around which the rural dance was performed, is still to be raised in every village. So would it be with us, but for the cold and frigid rules which pride has introduced among us. We love an occasional season of innocent merriment, and highly illustrative of the bounty blessings—an unrestrained flow of virtuous feeling, and a commingling of the joyous sentiments which pervades the unadulterated heart. We love the glance of the sparkling eye of innocence, lit up with health and exercise, and we say with the poet,

"Welcome! these scenes of fond delight,
Welcome! ye with rapture bright;
Maiden's sighs—and lover's vows—
Fluttering hearts, and open brows!
Welcome! all that's bright and gay,
To hail the balmy dawn of May!"

SACRED CONCERT.

The Concert given on Thursday evening, by the Philadelphia Sacred Music Society, was well attended, and passed off in the most pleasing manner to the audience. The oratorio of Haydn's Seasons was performed by those possessing the taste and skill of finished professors. The instrumental music was excellent, and the accompaniments delightfully illustrative of the words.— The imitative powers of stringed instruments were never better developed than on this occasion, and the flute, clarionet, and bassoon, did their duties in exhausting the general design. The flute accompaniment to the words of the beautiful air—

"In furrows long he whistling walks,"

elicited general admiration. The performer is certainly one of the most accomplished flute players in the city.

Haydn's power as a composer, is strongly developed in this oratorio. In the storm scene, in the part of Summer, the imitation of rain, thunder and lightning, and the tumultuous elements, is most striking. The imitation of the thunder, and the lightning's vivid flash, a powerful effect on the audience. Throughout the chorus commencing—

"Oh! the mighty cause conies o'er head!"

the orchestra accompaniment is awfully grand. Haydn as in his element, and the tumult is terrible.

Both parts contain a number of beautiful solos, duets, and choruses. Among the first we may mention that commencing "With eagerness the husbandman," performed by the leader; the solo "Be now gracious," by a Young lady; "The ready Swain is gathering near," and "O what comfort to the senses," all of which were given with skill and precision. The duett, "Oh, what mutual pleasure," was beautiful for each voice only, but scarcely more agreeable than others we might mention. Among the choruses are several of great power and sublimity, and they lost nothing of their merits in the hands of the members of the society.

On the whole the performance was a rich intellectual treat to all who heard it, though we scarcely know which the most to admire—the novel character of the music, or the manner in which it was performed. The first may be safely commended as the work of a great master, composed in one of his best parts of the science—and of the performers, we may say, that they are ladies and gentlemen who fully understood the extent of the arduous task they assumed, in rehearsing that music before the Society.

Trial for Murder.

The trial of Henry Ford, *alias* Charles Brown, and Henry Thompson, on an indictment for the murder of John Gauney, took place in the Court of Oyer and Terminer—Judge Ross presiding—on the 15th instant. The parties, all blacks, met in Davis' victualing cellar, in Water street near Spruce, on the night of the 13th October last. Gauney procured some food for which he refused to pay, and was reprimanded and struck by Davis, after which he left the cellar, but shortly returned, apologised for his refusal, and it was a mistake, paid the money, and again went away. He was followed by the prisoners, who immediately attacked and beat him without mercy. Food seems to have been the principal aggressor. Gauney offered no resistance, but cried murder. When assistance arrived he was taken into a neighbouring cellar, where he died on the morning of the day following.

The case was argued by Messrs. O'Neill and Tarr, for the defendants, and by Mr. Dallas for the commonwealth.

The jury after an absence of a few minutes, returned a verdict of *guilty of murder in the second degree*

BOOK OF NATURE.

The May number of the Book of Nature was issued this week. It contains a title page for the first volume, the present being the twelfth number of the work, and ten large engravings. The two first contain thirteen varieties of amphibia, all rare and valuable specimens. The third has as varieties of quadrupeds, and the fourth nine specimens of ichthyology, among which are the Pipe fish, the great Pegasus, and the Dragon and Flour fish, considered as the greatest curiosities in the natural world. The fifth contains five specimens of frogs, including the fish like or paradoxical frog, of which it is said—

The radical character of the Paradoxical Frog, from its very large size, the strong and muscular appearance of the tail, and the ambiguous aspect which it exhibits in the water, as to whether it belongs to reptiles or animals, is quite form, has been continued to connoisseurs, as it were, by the hand of nature, in the same identical form, without the slightest change or alteration in the general configuration of those who have been in the habit of seeing it. It has declared it to be at length transformed, not into a frog, but a fish; and it has been accordingly by some, but a short while since, inserted in its tadpole form again! That it is really no other than a frog in its form or nature, will be evident from a slight examination in structure.

Like the European tadpoles, this natural, according to the same writer has attained state in which it is found, is furnished either with all the four legs, or with only the two hinder ones; and it is almost unimaginable that the largest speed of these tadpoles, exceeding perhaps the length of six or eight inches, the hind legs alone appear, while the rest of the animal are lost the fore and hind legs are equally conspicuous. It is a native of South America, and the specimen from this tadpole is of a yellowish olive colour, spotted with brown.

Three six and seven are devoted to entomology, and furnish thirty-eight varieties; plate eight to vermes fourteen curious specimens, plate nine to conchology, with twelve specimens, and plate ten to zoophytes, with representations of the tiger, panther and leopard. The descriptions attached to these possess much interest.

The present number concludes the first volume of the work, which when bound will make a large, handsome, and highly interesting work. We know of no publication that we can, with less hesitancy, recommend to the patronage of all friends of science. The mass of useful information contained in the volume just published is immense, and can always be referred to with pleasure. The engravings are true to nature, and the reading has been prepared by competent hands. Another volume will complete the work; the first number will be issued on the 1st of July.

The twelve numbers of the Book of Nature, contain one hundred and fourteen large quarto plates, embracing more than one thousand distinct figures, all faithful representations of nature. A beautiful title page for the volume, printed in red, is a specimen of Girard College for Orphans, now being erected in the vicinity of Philadelphia, in pursuance of the directions of the late Stephen Girard, Esq. This building, when finished, will be one of the noblest specimens of architecture in the world. The plate is accompanied with an accurate description. The contents of the number, will be noticed more particularly next week.

Exhibition.

Maelzel's exhibition, we are gratified to observe, continues to attract large and respectable audiences nightly. For mechanical ingenuity, it is probably unrivalled either in this country or in Europe. To the young, the curious and the lovers of the humorous scenes, are a fruitful source of amusement, and for the aged, there are subjects for serious consideration and profitable investigation in the mechanism of the figures exhibited. The whole is conducted and profited by the ingenuity of Mr. Maelzel, who attends, in person, to the shifting of the various scenes. The hall is kept in excellent order, and every other arrangement is made to promote the enjoyment of visiters.

Bulwer's New Novel—The Pilgrims of the Rhine.

We are indebted to the attention of Mr. H. Perkins, Chesnut st. for a copy of the above work, just published by the Messrs. Harper, of New York. Advance sheets of the work were furnished, by an intelligent literary friend, who read the English edition, with the subjoined review, which we offer to our readers, as embodying a general outline, our own opinions of the work.

The first thing that strikes us, is, that this is a novel in one volume—even in this respect, Mr. Bulwer shews his ambition of excelling. The author of Waverly and the author himself says, he has "made the experiment of selecting for the main interest of his work, the simplest materials, and weaving upon them, the ornaments which clothe it to subjects of more lofty pretension."— Treviylyan, a young man "of a wild, a reckless, and an active nature"—one whose affections if ever they should be centered, would be so with a force and vehemence that every other feeling must be absorbed—"the loveliest person that ever dawned upon a poet's vision," upon whose delicate frame, consumption had already begun its fatal work. Her physicians advised a southern climate, and her father, Sir Geoffrey Vane was the daughter of a German mother, and her young fancy had been nursed in all the wild legends and the alluring scenes that belong to the castles of the Rhine,"— might revive, and cleanse themselves in pure water. Accordingly every one was prepared for the journey, the moment's delay; so that on banks were quickly crowded. A little after 7, P. M. the impatient were all seated in by the consourse, amid clamorous shouts, and the waving and dancing. Having passed the locks gathering, and the wind becoming variable in the preceding part of the day, he ventured to propose, because a dull day, that the ceremony of the launch happened accordingly, and was accompanied with favorable thunder and lightning; all which was naturally put down to the credit of his magical powers, and served as an occasion for the people to make merry. He unstintingly cried, "do you now see what he is able to do?"

The storm, however, was soon over, and the showers consequently subsided without effecting the change so unsteady all day. The drought continuing to be as oppressive as ever, the rain-maker was, of course, the days of the week, and the people began to doubt the beauty of the setting sun, and that if the years of existence were brief, all that existence has most tender, most sacred, was crowded into that space! Such was the work, then, to enter, rest with our remembrance of the lost; see are the mourners, but not for us! for the mourned—our grief is purely selfish; when we turn to the object, the heart is happy—our round it, and that very love which is the parent of our woe, was the consolation—the triumph—of the departed"? The love of Albert Treviylyan for Gertrude Vane, was a very different passion. In him and in this, there is something needfully beautiful—it essentially the poetry of passion. Deate grows hallowed by heart, and with it exhibits a purified—and yet a consoling influence. Of such a being we may indeed say, "how dear is the thought, that the latter days were the days of his youth! that the last sigh was given to the beauty of the setting sun, and that if the years of existence were brief, all that existence has most tender, most sacred, was crowded into that space! Such, then, is the work

Tuesday's the queen of today,
Thou glorious gem and the diadem.

Hope, in each wish when morning's spring,
Each smiling face and cheerful song,
And evening's close, our vesper hymn,
Are full of thee, sweet Tuesday.

O'er the head of home is thrown,
Thou hast brought our every care,
Thou hast made our every joy not spy,
Peaceful and quiet Tuesday.
Thy sun is in the sky,
Thy moon is in the sky,
And all the world is bright with thee,
Thou glorious Tuesday.

Common Answer.—An emmet on Hill end Hie, two Common Answers, and a Common Answer on the other side, and Common Answer on the other side of the Common Answer. Common Answer also! it was discovered that the Common Answer

Came from the house of Hie and Hi,
From him brought our every care,
From him brought our every joy not spy,
Peaceful and quiet Hie.
Thy sun is in the sky,
Thy moon is in the sky,
And all the world is bright with Hie,
Hie and Hi.

A Hard Case.—How, there is Mr Grier—the child will stand in danger to be born with him in the room—he, he, he! Ah, my dear, I really think you that it is a very hard case, indeed, that I cannot have a little fun with my friends, without you coming in, and, like a spoil-sport, taking me up so short. At length, I perceive, that I must, in order to avoid your ears, be more circumspect, and, as this room is not private, I have nobody now, to go to the bare cupboard.

P.S. Grier has got another wife!

Rule to Guide.—Never give an excuse the words do justify; but when you do, be sure that they do justify you. Excuses are like pocket handkerchiefs, not to be seen, but used; but if you make a napper just as you are going, you'll make a napper just as much as those who do it.

A Spring Morning.—"I've my own part," says Addison, in a sentence which combines lovely sentiment and beautiful imagery. "I value the sweetness of a morning's walk to a certain bed, the whole face of nature seems to look gay and delightful, and inspires the mind with a secret satisfaction and complacency, which is by the several hours, my heart overflows with secret gratitude, a certain cheerfulness of spirit and gratitude, up into a kind of implicit prayer to the great Author of Nature. The world is then only sensible of the day, as to the morning. All the diversions of life are then in season, each new employment of business, that she finds her. Every thing rejoices with the morning, and seems to awaken with the birds, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other circumstances that are peculiar to the morning."

It was the help repairing to heritage so beautifully expressed

"Jack at all Trades."—A man, in a Maryland paper, advertises and restores his sincere thanks to the public for the liberal patronage he has received in the shoemaking and hairdressing business. He likewise informs the ladies of Queen Anne, that he has provided himself with a hearse and materials for raising corpses, and that he will be at all times ready to attend to any of their commands in the shoemaking, hairdressing, and that he is willing to fill up his time to *fiddling for a dance.*

Yalaska defined a Physician as an unfortunate gentleman who at every day requested to perform a miracle, but who would be unjustly censured if he should fail, as it will be seen by the anecdotes subjoined, the Indians of Kamtschatka have other duties occasionally.

Dr. H. being sent for by a native of uncommon stature, gave him a dose of physic, which operated to the utmost degree, and the patient being relieved in an uncommon manner, the doctor was desired to attend him the next day. "Let it be the last," says he, "I have, by a mistake, taken more of my own pills."

Adultery or Compliment.—An Italian was wounded with a stiletto in the shoulder, and the great injury he had received consisted in a wound from an assassin. One of the doctors declared that they ought to go to the first to be accurately informed on the future, and the other that they ought to go to the former to see nothing but another when not *confirmed in the last.*

The Patriotic Shoemaker.—Mr. Timothy Bennett, a shoemaker, residing in the village of Hanover, in the county of Durham, in Surrey. The last passage in this letter to Hogarth-square, Hanover Chapel, Bonby Park, (a royal domain) had been for many years that up into the middle. The house English, and the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Bennett, the worse than he found it, "consulted a lawyer upon the subject, and was informed that he could not be turned out of his house, as he had been in the undisturbed occupancy of a legal premises. I have seven hundred pounds," said this honest patriot, "which I shall be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is all I have, and had you never brought a long course of action, I would be content with my own." The lawyer informed him that it would be necessary to produce such proofs, and from such witnesses, as would be very difficult to obtain. The engineering, in Timothy Bennett, Hampton-Wick, was not to be daunted by any such trifle. "And who are you?" inquired his lordship. "Your lordship knows me very well," was the reply.

"My name, my Lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker at Hampton-Wick. I remember, sir, I please your lordship, when I was in my youth, serving in the ranks of the people cheerfully passed by to Kingston market, and many, my lord, that are honored to go round about through a fair, sturdy road, ready to meet beasts there in the morning, and I have often, my lord, seen your lordship in the world worse than I found it—for my lord, I humbly represent, at the reason of my coming to your lordship, is, that I am informed that the Duke of Wellington has pulled down my house, and rendered his lordship. However, upon more serious reflection, and contemplating the enormity of debts, fines, and forfeitures, I determined to stand by my rights, and undergoing the ignominy of delay, and the disgrace of imprisonment, I resolved to stand by the Bumper, shoemaker," he deemed it his opinion, and opened the road, which is improved, without molestation, to this day. Such is the history of this celebrated instance of public virtue a highly worthy of being remembered, that if any one is in the power of every one to suggest valuable improvements, or to point out abuses, which require to be rectified, let him like the patriotic Bennett, endeavor, at least, to leave the world worse than he found it.—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

Hermes, the Athenian.—Within a few years many families in Great Britain of respectable connexions have been reduced with poverty, and have but little expectation of relief beyond their own exertions, have left their friends and their native homes, and sought in the distant shores of India, a home, and what other countries denied them. Numbers of these have gone to Bengal, and they arrive at Calcutta or Bombay from England, without the knowledge of those countries, and without the demand on Van Diemen's Land and New Holland, in very regular. Whole cargoes of these young people are annually sent out to Sydney, and the accounts there is no prospect of the market being ever satisfied with them.

The following extract of a letter from a gentleman in Bengal, New South Wales, to a friend of his family in London, shows the manner in which the Calcutta has on the arrival of this new species of importation, and the manner in which they are disposed of:

"In the second fortnight in December, with 215 free females, arrived a few days ago, it was would be astonished to witness the scene which took place on the occasion. Upwards of seven of these young women, and in the first three days of their arrival, the whole of the others were disposed of immediately. The terms were generally that a man should marry a woman, or pay her passage to a country but many men are married to women in this country on such terms. It will be a long time before the country is so much purified gold as it was in the days of Ophir, but I am persuaded that the mines and other sources for the supply of females will be found sufficient for the demand. Besides, the number of females in this country is not so much greater than that of males, but that a great many of the latter are obliged to live single, and that there is a great deficiency of females in the country. Many of the settlers have applied to me to procure wives for them, and I have actually had the offer of a wife myself."

Rural and Affectionate.—Let the farmer bring to his fireside, and to his table, and to his bed, a heart full of kindness, and a mind full of love, and he will find that he has a treasure which the world cannot purchase. Let him be a husband, and a father, and a friend